

The History of

Prin. O my sweete beefe, I must stil be good Angell to thee,
the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do
it with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I find one that
can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or therea-
bout: I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels: they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I
praysse them.

Prince. Bardoll.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Coe, Peto, to horse: for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue

Mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hofesse*, my breakfast, come,

Oh, I could wish this tauerne were my drum.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well sayd, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should goe so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongue of soothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

Dow. Then art the King of honour,

No man so porent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Hot.

Henry the Fourth

Hot. Doe so, and 'tis well: what letters haue you therel? I can
but thanke you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grievous sick.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he leisure to bee sicke

In such a iustling time? who leades his power?

Vnder whose gouernement come they along?

Mess. His letters beare his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth hee keepe his bed?

Mess. He did my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth,

And at the time of my departure hence,

Hee was much feard by his Phisicion.

Wor. I would the state of time had first bin whole,

Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:

His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doch infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize,

'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:

He writes me here, than inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation,

Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remou'd, but on his owne;

Yet doth he giue vs boid aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction, we should on

To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possesse

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

Wor. Your fathers sicknesse is a maine to vs.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limme lopt off,

And yet, in faith it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall finde it. Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our States,

All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?

It were not good, for therein should we read

H

The